11/24/68

Dear Jim,

By a remarkable coincidence, I took a picture of where the Japan Air Lines plane ditched as I just landed at your airport. I'm been telling my wife the sensation of going through the bottom of the soup and this time I had a camera set for it. Nice to know I wasn't there.

Didn't feel that way going from LA to San Diego, when the 80 minutes time was multiplied by 12 before we finally landed. Fog again, and murder and pm. Two passes at San D, no good. They close the LA airport while we were I guess! Landed by radar between invisible mountains (save for the very tops-that a sensation" at what must be the longest landing strip in the world, at Miramar.

Trip extended as I cannot now explain when I was invited to one of the world's wealthiest men in Dallas! Very successful. Will tell in confidence when I am again there. Cannot say anything now, but this should lead to something.

Your cancellation file arrived in my absence. It's just begun to hit the heap of letters and mine's not typed a word of it yet! I hope to be over course of the return. That work there [illegible]!

Sorry I didn't get to do your show, but when you learn what I learned and got in that tide (I can tell you the suppression pictures of Vanuld's literature distribution is one thing), I hope you will agree I did right to work. I always can use the rest, but I bet a fine bed, and your show is [illegible] fun. There is a junior version on another station in San Diego, there we [illegible] for several hours.

Again thanks. Hope we get together next time, and that it is soon.

Sincerely,

Harold [illegible]